

Moving to Europe
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It started as a car ride to get a lacrosse stick, and then it became a talk.
It started as a idea, and then it became a possibility.
It started as fantasizing, and then it became planning .
It started as a business meeting and then it became a new future.
It started as all of Europe, and then it became Spain.
It started as picking a city, and then it became Barcelona .
It started as research, and then it became a visit during spring break.
It started as thinking about what language we wanted to learn, and then it became taking lessons.
It started as using pods for storage, and then it became my dad building a barn in the backyard.
It started as donating a few things, and then it became garage sales.
It started as a talk, and then it became the greatest opportunity of my life.
I would get to see the world, meet so many new people, experience new cultures, and learn a language or two.
My mom tells me that I could go to college anywhere,
with the education I get in Europe.
It can be a fresh start.

It started as excitement, and then it became dread,
like an impossible weight to lift in my shoes
I got swept away with the thrill of it all,
until everything I would lose came and hit me in the face.
When I told my friends they complained like children.
The reality hasn't yet fully set in.
We were making summer plans, and now we are making final plans.
I cherish every sleep over as if it's my last.
I am timid for my first day at a new school.
I am daunted by the thought of having to learn a new language.
I am mournful to leave my books behind.
I am heartbroken to give my dog to my grandparent.